NOVEMBER 1958

Varykin ****************

TWENTY-SIX MARTYRS OF JAPAN See Cover Story, Page 63



AUTUMN SONG. The soft twilight of autumn hangs over Maryknoll where several hundred young Americans prepare for lives of service overseas. The temple bell is a reminder of their calling.

BY MICHAEL P. HIEGEL, M.M.





Grace wins a one hundred and twenty-five year war with Victor.

■ RUFINO PUNDAN, my cook, and I started off one morning for Luya. The first hurdle was wading through the Santa Maria River. Next we had to balance ourselves on narrow heaps of earth that separated different rice fields. We stopped at the few scattered nipa huts that form Luya, a village in the Philippines.

To get to Coralan, we rolled up our pants legs and felt our way along a flooded, wooden trough. That seemed to us to be the only way to reach Coralan. Everybody laughed (including ourselves) at our unique approach. They showed us the dry, simple way into the village, the one everybody else used.

We pushed on to Bukal. By then it was noon, and we were getting hungry. A welcome invitation it was when at the first nipa hut, the folks offered us a couple of eggs and some rice. We told them we appreciated their offer very much and would stop on our way back, after we had finished the census. A scattered dozen houses we visited; the folks were told about the mission; some promised to attend.

Several couples had not been married by a priest; quite a few of the children and grownups had not been baptized. One reason, of course, was that many came to the main town only once a year, and some not that often. Luckily, there was one lady who had some previous religious instruction; she was trying to get the others to say the Rosary. She also took care of giving private baptism to the babies.

By the time we returned to the home of the couple who had invited

us for lunch, I had a pocket full of eggs, which had been given me by various people. These I was very happy to give to the couple who were our hosts. The rice, eggs,

and cold coffee they served us were delicious.

These folks insisted that I take some eggs along. All the way back, I kept wondering whether my

eggs would break in my pocket. Only one cracked, and luckily that happened close to home and after I had given away nearly all the pieces of candy that I had carried in my pockets for the children.

But before we got home, I met Victor. He lives in a hut in a clump of banana trees. Victor is one of the tallest Filipinos I have ever seen. He is completely blind and claims to be 125 years old. I tried in vain to talk Victor into going to confession. In desperation, I gave him my rosary with a large "miraculous medal" attached.

After we had left Victor's hut, Rufino Pundan told me that many priests and many Legion of Mary members had visited this Victor, but that he had always refused to receive the sacraments. I put my hope in Mary and told the Redemptorists about Victor when they arrived on Sunday to give the parish mission.

Our parishioners had spent three weeks preparing for this mission. Members of the Legion of Mary and members of the Barangay of the Virgin had gone from door to door. They found out how many marriages needed fixing; who needed baptism; and other details that the

Redemptorist Fathers would need to know when giving the parish mission the last week in November.

During that mission, the younger Re-

demptorist went out to see Victor. On his return, Father Rowe asked me, "Do you want to take Communion to Victor tomorrow morning, or should I?"

Father Rowe had heard Victor's confession and given him Extreme Unction. Father Rowe had also found another old couple out that way in need of the sacraments.

After Mass the next morning, I happily rolled up my pants legs, waded through the river, and carried Jesus to His refound friends in Coralan. When I arrived, Victor was not quite ready. His children were helping him to button his shirt; there was nothing for me to do but wait until Victor was dressed up to receive Our Lord.

The old couple, too, were happy to receive Communion. All their relatives and neighbors were present. I declined their invitation to stay to breakfast. Instead, I waded the river once more. Meanwhile, the Redemptorists were out hunting for more Victors.

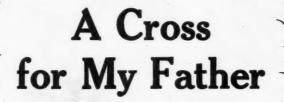
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OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS.

MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



■ IT IS a custom here in Puno, Peru, to place a cross on each mountain peak. On one mission trip I discovered a very high peak, one that can be seen for miles, but one that had no cross. I obtained permission and bought wood, and had the carpenter make a cross twelve feet tall and seven and a half feet wide. Engraved on the crosspiece is, "In memory of my father, Edwin F. Meyer." The cross is painted white and the letters are incised and gilded with gold paint.

About three fourths of the way up the mountain, I will sleep in a little house, and then celebrate Mass for Dad. The cross will be a memorial, seen for miles shining in the sun. Every year on the Feast of the Holy Cross, the Indians will climb the mountains to pray before the cross. I'll bet Dad never thought he would have his name engraved on one of the highest mountains in, of all places, South America.

— Elmer J. Meyer, M.M.





Father Hogan takes sacraments (left) to people unable to come to church.

MAN WITH A PURPOSE

■ As Father George F. Hogan goes about his daily tasks, he sees nothing to remind him of the past glory of his people. He works among Mayas in the little town of Sotuta, on the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico.

Long before the time of Columbus, the Mayas enjoyed the highest civilization of any tribe in North America. Today they live in abject poverty.

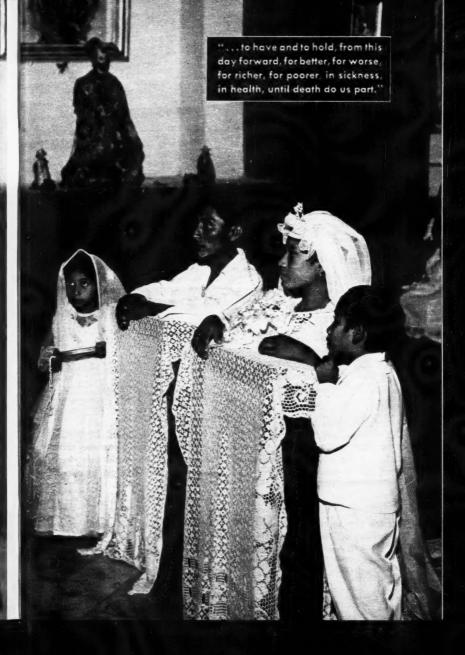
An ancient church standing in Sotuta is a reminder that the people were converted by Spanish mis-



New windmill accents age of church.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MARYKNOLL BY LORING M. HEWEN

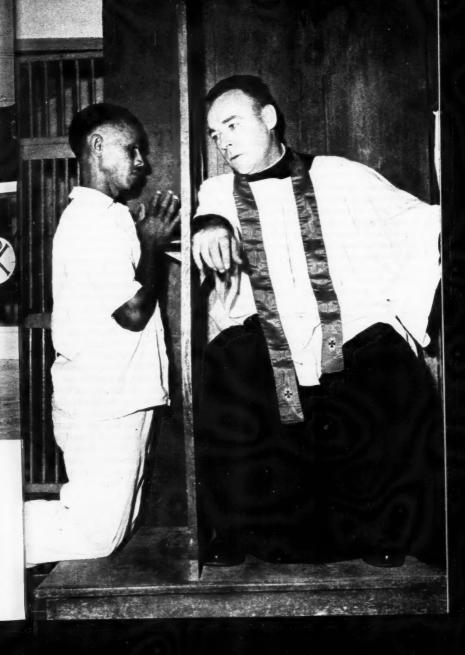






Is the smallest one making the biggest noise? Will she please be silent, so that Father may hear confessions? Like children the world over, barefooted Mayzs find it unmatural to be quiet when they first go to church.

Through the sacraments flow spiritual gifts from God. Without priests, the people of Sotuta lost these vital channels of grace. As Mayas, they know tribal glory is past; as Catholics, they have a hopeful future.



Now You're Speaking

■ THE OTHER evening John Roberts, a teacher at night school, stopped at his neighborhood drug store on the way home from work.

"Hello, Mr. Roberts," greeted the clerk. "What are you taking home to the wife tonight?"

"Orange sherbet," replied John.
"Pint of orange sherbet coming
right up," said the clerk, as he
pulled a container from the shelf.
"How about a drink for yourself
while you're waiting?"

"Yes," said John. "Lemon-and-

lime soda."

The clerk mixed the soda and set it before the teacher. Then he began scooping out the sherbet into the container. "What are you teaching at night school this year?" he asked.

"Algebra and chemistry," was the reply, as John Roberts walked over to a stand and picked up the latest issue of a news publication.

"That'll be seventy-five cents," said the clerk, setting the sherbet on the counter. "Anything else?"

"The magazine," answered John, holding the publication up.

"Ninety cents altogether," was the rejoinder.

If someone had stopped Mr.

Roberts at this point and told him that every word he had used in the conversation above — with the exception of "the" and "and" — had come to him from Arabic, the teacher might possibly have said the interrupter was a bit on the daffy side. For Mr. Roberts, like most Americans, thinks he is as far removed from Arabs as he is from Eskimos. Actually, the interrupter would have been entirely correct.

Take the word soda for example. It is from the Arabic suda, meaning headache. After its adoption into English, it came to mean a headache powder and then any fizzing water. Magazine is from the Arabic makhazin, which means storehouse or granary. In English it came to mean a place where gunpowder is stored, and finally it was applied to a periodical where information is stored.

Arabic terms came into our language mainly in two ways. In the seventh and eighth centuries, Arabs moved into southern Europe, establishing a civilization that lasted in parts of Spain for almost five centuries. These conquests left behind Arabic influences on European tongues, particularly Spanish. The







SUDA = HEADACHE POWDER = SODA

Arabic!

From algebra to hubba-hubba, we're in debt to North Africans.

word adobe came into our language from Mexico; but Mexicans received it from Spain, where in turn it was left by the Moors, whose Arabic word for brick was attub.

The second way that Arabic words slipped into English was through trade. Terms picked up by merchants who had dealings with Arabs, became part and parcel of our own language. Tariff, hazard, and risk are just a few Arabic trading terms we adopted. In fact, some of the borrowed words are so much parts of other languages that it is difficult to find their true origins. Ask an Italian where the word sequin comes from, and he will say that it comes from the Italian zecchino, which in turn came from zecca, meaning mint. The truth is that the Italian got it from the Arabic sikkah, meaning coins. Thus the sequins on the dress you admire are descendants of coins sewed to the dresses of dancing girls of the Middle East.

Other words came to us as the result of the products traded. Arabians sent cloth goods into Europe, many colored with rich dyes. From these goods, we received such words as cotton, gauze, muslin, mohair,

damask, sash. Their colors gave us such Arabic words as azure, amber, carmine, crimson, henna, saffron.

Food was another export from the Arab world, and many of the things that delight your taste bear Arabic names: caramel, syrup, coffee, candy, oranges, lemons, limes, julep, to mention a few. Plant names were also borrowed; such as lilac, spinach, artichoke and alfalfa. Chemistry is in debt to the Arabs for giving the science such words as arsenic, camphor, borax, talc, alcohol, and even the word chemistry itself.

Perhaps you know that our system of numbers is known as Arabic numerals. But do you know that the Arabs also gave us such words as zero, cipher, algebra, zenith, nadir, azimuth? If you like the theater, you like masquerades — a term derived from the Arabic word for buffoon, maskharah.

If this linguistics has tired you, take a nap on your sofa or the mattress of your bed. Those words come from Arabic, too. So you see, we're all dependent on one another.







AL-KIMIYA = ALCHEMY = CHEMISTRY

Number-Eight Son Decides

A boy who once played in the Pope's garden begins a new life.

■ BOMBS bursting, glass shattering, unmothered children wailing; confusion, destruction, chaos. Japanese forces had attacked Shanghai. A middle-aged mother, softly singing a lullaby, nestled her baby in her arms. Her husband anxiously herded his brood of thirteen children to the air-raid shelter.

The heavy, steel door clanked shut as the first bombs dug out craters of destruction and death. Doctor John Wu, eminent Chinese scholar and convert, wiped mud from his hands, reached into his pocket, and pulled out his rosary. Little Peter, Number-Eight Son, dozed, but awoke in time to hear his father's concluding prayer: kind Virgin, Mother of Jesus, please save my people, deliver my country from the enemy, put an end to this war."

When the war did finally end, the Wu family trekked back to Loting. There Father Edwin J. McCabe, Maryknoller from Providence, R.I., was on hand to greet them.

Peter soon became a close friend of the likable, smiling missioner, and quickly learned how to serve Mass. He also came to realize, as he later remarked, that "the Mary-

knoll missioners loved the Chinese so much - they had a chance to escape, but they volunteered to

stay with my people."

A few years later, Doctor Wu received a ministerial appointment to the Vatican. Peter and his many brothers often played in the Pope's garden, dodging in and out of the hedges, splashing water from the fountains, enjoying hide-and-seek with the colorfully garbed Swiss guards.

On one occasion, an off-duty guardsman left his medieval lance lying against the wall. Peter spied the opportunity and was soon playing "Saint George and the Dragon" with a younger brother as the

vanquished serpent.

In Rome, Peter Wu saw priests and religious of various nationalities, wearing distinctive and colorful habits. There were tall, ebonied, African seminarians in red cassocks with blue sashes; others, blond and fair skinned from Germany, wore blue cassocks. There were seminarians from Japan, Korea, China. Peter's countrymen were refugees. because the Communists had closed China's seminaries and expelled the missioners.

China was closed to the Wu family, also. To return would only result in imprisonment and possible death. Refugees could only pray for the many relatives and friends who were

unable to escape the Communist tyranny. Peter was but another number in the multitude of citizens without a country.

After Doctor

Wu completed his mission at the Vatican, he accepted a teaching position at the University of Hawaii. He was in Honolulu only a short while when Monsignor John L. McNulty, President of Seton Hall University in New Jersey, asked him to teach jurisprudence there.

Christian.

Peter's first glimpses of America included the Golden Gate Bridge, Telegraph Mountain, and San Francisco's cable cars. After the horrors of war, he found America a Utopia of peace, freedom, friendliness. In his evening prayers, he remembered his family, his friends, and America, his adopted land.

His brief stay in San Francisco brought Peter into contact with the Maryknoll Fathers again. Grayhaired missioners who spoke fluent Chinese, with a Killarney brogue or a New York accent, made him feel at home in familiar Chinese surroundings.

Again Peter traveled, this time across the continent from west to east. In Connecticut, he signed the roster as a boarding student in Canterbury High School. He gave his all in sports, even to the extent

of breaking a leg playing football.

The enforced convalescence gave Peter time to think — of the future, of himself, of China, of how best to live his life. From high school he

PRAY FOR VOCATIONS

In the Far East a large number

of persons have only one reason

for not becoming Christian . . .

there is no one to make them

- St. Francis Xavier

entered Seton
Hall University, to major
in chemistry.
He was popular, playing in
many sports,
especially baseball, and sing-

ing tenor in the glee club. Everyone knew Peter Wu — the new American with the Chinese face.

Graduation approached quickly. There were many offers of well-salaried positions from chemical companies looking for college graduates. Peter was non-committal.

Finally the graduation ceremonies were over. A few days later Doctor Wu asked about the plans of his eighth son. Peter answered quietly, "I should like to join Maryknoll and be a missioner."

His father looked through space. He thought of China during the war with the Japanese, and the missioners who gave his family shelter. He thought of China and its few Chinese priests. He thought of Christ's words, "Go and preach the Gospel to every living creature, baptizing them..." He brightened, and answered, "Go ahead."

The youth from China joined an American mission society. Peter Shu-ping Wu, Number-Eight Son, entered Maryknoll. As a missioner, he could be sent to Africa, South America, the Philippines, Korea, Japan, or perhaps — China.



Angel of Lion City

PICTURES AND BACKGROUND BY WILLIE CHEN

■ THAM MEI-CHI is a middle-class product of Singapore, a cosmopolitan metropolis known as the Lion City. Mei-chi's Chinese name means Beautiful Angel — an apt appellation for a pretty, seventeen-year-old, eighty-two-pound, four-footnine, miss who typifies all that is good in Chinese maidenhood.

Mei-chi, who refers to herself as a chatterbox, is the older of two Tham children. The other, a boy called Wee-lie, is two years her junior; and where Mei-chi is talka-

tive, Wee-lie is silent.

Mr. Tham, 40, is a commercial assistant who earns about \$2,400 a year. On this salary he is able to support his family modestly but comfortably. The Thams live in a three-room flat, rented from the Singapore Improvement Trust, the agency for public housing. The housing development offers pleasant living quarters, and such requisites as light, water, proper sanitation, a convenient shopping center, a clinic, movie house, schools and playgrounds.

Mei-chi has a room to herself in the apartment. Here she entertains friends and does her studying. Her day begins at six o'clock when she rises and prepares her breakfast before leaving for school. This meal is nothing more than buttered bread and tea.

Her school is about a mile away, and she usually takes the bus (fare three cents). She has a second breakfast in the school canteen—an English custom known as tiffin. This meal consists of rice and curry, a simple meal for a simple girl. Her classes follow the basic syllatus: English, history, geography, the liberal arts, science. She majors in physics.

Mei-chi is in senior middle one, equivalent to first year of our senior-high school. After she graduates in two years, she would like to go to Formosa to continue her studies. She visited the island once with her mother, and schools there are the Mecca for all pro-nationalist

southeast Asian students.

A competent pianist, Mei-chi would love to have a musical career. Her father would like her to become a lawyer, and he keeps dropping hints about what an interesting career the legal profession is. It is quite possible that she will compromise with him and become a teacher.

Except for special classes in science on Wednesday and Friday,







Whether it's piano or ping-pong, Mei-chi goes all out. She would like to be a concert musician, is majoring in science (below), prefers books about Chinese philosophy (left), but her father expects she will become a lawyer.



Mei-chi's school day ends at one o'clock. This is the hottest part of the day, usually about ninety degrees. In the afternoon, she helps her mother with household chores and irons the clothes she will need

next day.

Her hobbies, besides music, are debating and playing badminton. She is an active member of the school debating society, and has won a reputation for her eloquent speeches and quick thinking — perhaps the reason why her father believes she has the makings of a lawyer. She has also won a number of oratorical contests.

In the evening, she devotes herself to her other hobby — badminton, Malaya's national game. Her idol is Wong Peng Soon, a shuttlecock wizard, who is the Malayan equivalent of our Elvis Presley.

"It is impossible to live in Singapore and not be a badminton fan," Mei-chi confesses. "The game keeps me fit and healthy. A game a day

keeps the doctor away."

Badminton has another effect. It creates a good appetite. After playing, she goes home to help her mother prepare the evening meal. This is the big meal of the day; it consists of rice, steamed fish or meat, and a bowl of cucumber soup. After the supper dishes are cleaned, the family chat for a while before retiring.

Once a week, Mei-chi visits the library of the United States Information Service. Here she reads American magazines, sees educational movies, and borrows an occasional book. Her favorite reading is history and Chinese philosophy.

"Our friends in America are doing us a great kindness in making this fine library so easily available," Mei-chi says in gratitude. "The value of the USIS in catering to our intellectual needs has to be experienced to be appreciated."

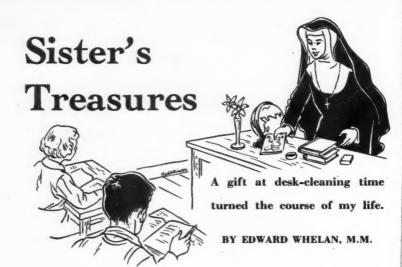
Mei-chi prefers Chinese movies to American ones since they are more a part of her own culture. But she admits a weakness for cinemascope and Rock Hudson.

Mei-chi is also an avid letter writer. She has hundreds of pen pals overseas — in the United States, Europe, Australia, Free China. She is tri-lingual, speaking and writing Chinese, English and Malay, although she says that she does not write the latter too well. Most of her correspondence is carried on in English, except when the friend is Chinese.

The Tham family are very sincere Buddhists. Mei-chi has been brought up so that her thinking, her sense of right and wrong, are governed by the precepts of Buddhism. On Buddhist holydays, she visits the temples in Singapore and burns joss sticks while she prays. She keeps her intentions secret. At home her parents follow all the Buddhist traditions.

Mei-chi is a girl of independent spirit. She does not believe that much can be accomplished in life without persistent determination and lots of hard work. She is a typical representative of the overseas Chinese, found all over Southeast Asia. If her father will only allow her to follow her musical bent, it will be a happy day for this Singapore teen-ager.





■ THE balmy breezes of a warm, June afternoon blew gently into the sixth-grade classroom of St. Angela School. Sister Mary Ignatia sat cleaning out her desk. Fifteen minutes before dismissal, she made an announcement:

"You have been so good this afternoon, boys and girls, that I am going to give you some things from my desk. Just stay in your places now, and I will pass them out to you."

I ended up with a packet of green construction paper and a magazine with a Maryknoll seminarian's smiling face on the cover. The green paper went home with me, but the magazine was shoved into my desk.

It was not until the next afternoon that I pulled out the magazine to investigate what was beyond the cover. There were stories of men, each of whom had been a boy in America just as I was, men who had become priests and gone off to the four corners of the world to tell people about Christ.

Near the end of the magazine, I found a form for requesting more information about becoming a Maryknoll priest. Before filling in my name and address, I debated a long time. After all, I was only eleven — not even an eighth-grader getting ready to graduate. Wasn't I a bit young to be getting involved in something as far off as the priesthood? Then I read carefully on the bottom of the request form, "I understand this does not bind me in any way." That was all the reassurance I needed.

Mail soon started to arrive from a Maryknoll priest in Chicago. It made me feel good to know that he was interested in me. Besides, his was about the only mail I received

at that age.

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At first I read the letters carefully; but after some months passed, they were merely thrown into the wastebasket. Whenever the priest sent a self-addressed post card ask-

ing me to indicate whether I was still interested in Maryknoll, though, a check always went in the "Yes" box. I may not have

read his letters, but I did want to continue to receive them.

pal one.

Seventh and eighth grades passed, and it was time to enter high school. My heart was so set on going to St. Ignatius High, the Jesuit school where my older brother had gone, that I avoided any serious thought of entering Maryknoll's preparatory (high school) seminary.

The priests of St. Ignatius did all they could to encourage vocations. Even more influential than their words, in showing me the value of a life lived for God, was the example of the young Jesuit scholastics. From close contact, I came to realize more and more the ideals that motivated them.

The natural result of such influence would have been for me to enter the Jesuits, I suppose. Twelve boys from my class did just that. However, one day in March of my senior year, Maryknoll's Father Robert L. Mackesy came to speak to the juniors and seniors. He was looking for vocation prospects.

I paid close attention to what he said, but I did not need any exhortation. My mind was definitely made up. That afternoon, in the principal's office, I told Father Mackesy of my decision.

"How about coming up to the Maryknoll house tonight?" he asked.

"ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE

should aid, through their generosity,

the Society for the Propagation

of the Faith, which of all mis-

sion organizations is the princi-

-Pope Pius XI

"I can talk things over with you then and give you the papers you will have to have filled out."

"It's a date, Father. I'll see

you about seven o'clock."

I called home. "Hello, Mom? I met a Maryknoll priest here at school this afternoon and I am going to see him tonight. I won't be home for supper. Okay?"

At the Maryknoll house, Father Mackesy reminisced about his own seminary days. After an hour or so with him, I left with a folder of forms and a catalog giving information about Maryknoll Seminary.

In due time, the forms were filled out. Then, on May 22, 1952, a letter came from Maryknoll's center in New York. Maryknoll was happy to accept me as an aspirant for the missionary priesthood. The letter was very simple, but what an impact it had on me. And to think that one magazine started this!

Every now and then, I see Sister Mary Ignatia. I am always interested to learn if she still cleans her desk out periodically. Now that she knows about one of the strange, ways in which God worked, I wouldn't put it past her to plant a few Maryknoll pamphlets in her desk purposely. What happened once may well happen again.



Seeing the Big Dragon

It's a good thing

his hair was already white.

BY JOHN P. TACKNEY, M.M.

■ To see the big dragon is a popular expression among the Taiwanese. It is applied humorously to people who have been everywhere, seen everything. Having been born in Europe, lived in America, served for many years as a missioner on the mainland of China plus a tour of duty as a chaplain in the India-Burma theater during the war, I thought that I had "seen the big dragon."

I couldn't have been more wrong; for the "big dragon" resides in Tamaru, a mountain fortress on the island of Formosa. In fact, no less than half a dozen dragons dwell

there.

The mountain areas of Formosa are inhabited by tribes of non-Chinese origin. Who they are and whence they came, is lost, like the mountains they inhabit, in the mist of history. Headhunting had been one of their more glamorous customs, if not a praiseworthy one.

The last head, in this area at least, was cut off 25 years ago. Some of the older men still like to talk about their prowess at the art. There was considerable diplomacy and finesse connected with it. First of all, the victim's full name and exact age had to be ascertained, together with his specific tribe connections. The cut had to be a clean one. A head that had been hacked or bruised was not worthy of being offered to the gods.

The tribesmen now live in peace and seclusion in the mountain areas, sealed off from the outside world. Any person not a member of the tribes must secure a special pass from the Chinese Government before entering the reservation. This procedure has been wisely established by the Chinese Government in order to protect the aborigines from competition with the Taiwanese, with whom they are still too primitive to cope.

Our work amongst the aborigines was pioneered by Father Jacques, a veteran missioner from the Chinese mainland. Success crowned his every step. The aborigines began to flock towards the Church. Monsignor Kupfer, the Maryknoll Ordinary in Taichung, had to assign two

additional priests to help Father Jacques. Father Baudhuin went to Chung Yuen and Father Faucher went to Tamaru.

Sometime ago Father Faucher became ill; he had to leave the mountain area to obtain medical treatment. His place could be covered only on weekends. Though I'm a language student in Taichung, the Mandarin I speak is understood by many mountain people; hence, I volunteered to take a weekend.

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Ordinarily Tamaru is reached by taking a two-hour bus ride to Shui Li and from there a hike of several hours over the mountains. However, my classmate, Father Wenceslaus Knotek, of Racine, Wisconsin, who is the pastor of Shui Li, has a jeep. He volunteered to take me over the mountain trail.

I thought I had seen the big dragon of danger on the Burma Road, but the trip from Shui Li to Tamaru out-dragoned anything I had been through before. The road is just an oversized path that clings by the skin of its teeth to the mountainside. An inch in the wrong direction would plunge one into an abyss.

If my hair was not already white, it would have been at the end of that journey. Father Knotek dropped me off and hurried away, lest darkness fall while he was still in the mountains. When he left, my clock was turned back a thousand years.

Knowing that food was hard to find in the mountain areas, I had brought a head of cabbage, a few strips of freshly killed pork, some bread. One of the boys whipped the cabbage and pork into a passably edible condition. Thus fortified, I went out on the porch to survey my surroundings. The vision took my breath away.

The mission is built on a precipice, which in turn is surrounded on all sides by towering peaks which rise higher until they are lost in the mists of infinity. As I stood there in amazement, the curtain of night was being lowered over the mountaintops as if to protect us further from the prying eyes of the outside world. Finally we were covered with a canopy of stars.

I was awakened from the semitrance by the ringing of the mission bell. Then a strange thing happened. Stars seemed to be coming towards me, for all the world like Birnam Wood coming towards Dunsinane in Macbeth. Soon, however, I realized that the advancing stars were torches of the aborigines wending their way to the mission for evening devotions and confessions.

After the last penitent was absolved and the people had departed for their mountain above, I went back to my vantage point on the porch.

I could not help but compare this absolute solitude, amid the grandeur of nature, with the hustle and bustle of New York, London, or Paris. I began to think of the complexity of the life I had lived as a Maryknoll representative in Buffalo. I wondered if it might be well for all of us Occidentals to turn the clock back a thousand years. Amid these speculations I fell asleep, so tired was I. And better so; for this is no place for the sociologist or anthropologists. It is a place for poets.

Hong Kong Close-up

BY DR LELAND E. HINSIE

■ CRAMMED into a two-acre plot, surrounded by an ancient Chinese wall, are ten thousand Chinese, living in a squalor that can only be felt, not described. This city within the city of Kowloon is an improvised "reception" center for those Chinese who fled, and are fleeing, from Red China, the border of which is only twenty miles away.

What to do with these poor refugees who, fleeing for their lives, cross the border with only rags on their bodies, is an almost insurmountable problem. When it is realized that within the short space of ten years the original six hundred thousand people of Hong Kong have swollen to some three million, it is evident that such bloating represents a moribund condition.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable qualities of human nature is being demonstrated today in Hong Kong. It may sound dramatic to say that the soul never dies, but in this little two-acre walled village is proof of it. And there is a small

Dr. Hinsie is a well-known medical authority and writer. He taught psychiatry once, at Columbia University. band of God-directed men ministering to these poor souls, despite odds that are discouraging.

It was our great privilege to be shown about the environment in which the Maryknoll Fathers carry on their magnificent work. Through the auspices of the Bishop Ford Memorial Center, we were taken around by Fathers Howard Trube and Maurice Ahern, two men dedicated to the service of those poor.

They are the beacons lighting the way for the hapless denizens of the walled-in village. As they walked single-file through narrow streets, there was a hushed graciousness that was eloquent in the expression of thankfulness. As one of the Padres looked into a shack, the elderly face of a woman beamed upon him. She did not whimper, though the total space allotted to her was a board, not much longer than she: a barren board that had to serve as bed, chair, table, and everything. She had food and lodging and her Padre.

Ten thousand people in two acres of nondescript hovels! The living quarters — and I apologize for the limitation imposed by our language — are generally without light or plumbing. There seemed to be a lot of activity going on, especially in the front compartments where there was a remote resemblance to daylight. "Sweatshop work," we would call it. Yet I could not help feeling that it was a Godsend to those poor people.

Those refugees are human beings. They smiled back when we greeted them. Despite all their poverty, they are happy because they are free to live and love.



By Sister Herman Joseph

This is Bundo. Moments earlier I had found him in a Pusan garbage can. I didn't expect him to live. But to see what happened to this little Korean, TURN THE PAGE.



■ ANTON, the gateman at the Maryknoll Clinic in Pusan, Korea, called me over. "Listen," he said, "something is in there."

He pointed to the garbage can on the street. Sure enough, I heard a

thin wail. I looked in.

That's how I met Bundo. He must have been about eight months old. I didn't expect him to live, when I lifted him carefully out of the trash barrel. He was emaciated, dirty; just a tattered bundle of skin, bones, and deep, sad eyes.

Love and prayers plus medical skill worked hard over Bundo. He lived. He thrived. However, he never smiled — even for Agatha, who was glad to provide a home for

Bundo.

Often in the first two years, I saw Bundo, sitting quiet and lonely on the hilltop, looking down on dirty, disease-ridden Pusan. He was a little man of sorrows, thinking deep,

sad thoughts.

Then one day everything changed; his world brightened. Bundo attended Mass for the first time. He came into the presence of the King of kings, who was born in a stable and died on a cross. They became friends. They talked together, shared experiences. We'll never know what they said to each other, but life was different for Bundo after that. He smiled.

That was in October, 1954. Since then, he has never missed daily Mass except on rare occasions. He seems to sense the real presence of Jesus.

Next month Bundo will be featured in an unusual picture story, "Bundo Gets Jilted." See our next issue. He knows all about serving Mass, and it bothers him when he sees older boys make mistakes while he must stand by because he is still too young to be an altar boy.

Bundo's versatility amazes us. He is scholar, mystic, scientist, poet,

actor, diplomat.

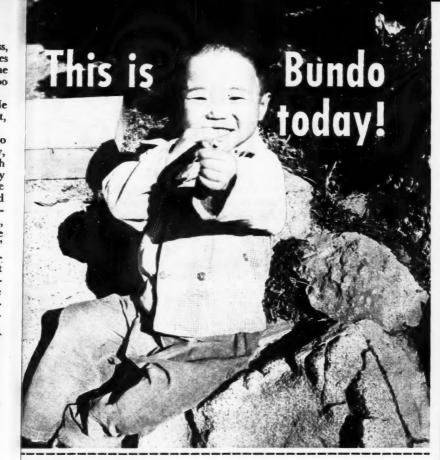
Every day the children come to play and work in the Laboratory, and I enjoy their antics. They wash bottles, sweep the floor, and play with an old microscope. At the age of five, Bundo the scientist could find and identify tuberculosis bacilli. When he discovered them, Bundo the poet exclaimed, "I see the red flowers in the blue field."

Bundo's smile is something special. Born late in life and born out of sorrow, it comes from deep within him and animates his whole being. It has an inexpressible quality, like that of all joy rooted in sorrow and destined for immortality. To us, Bundo's smile is a symbol of hope for our weary, heartsick, war-

torn Korea.

Bundo is now a sturdy, lovable sixyear-old. When we see him, we understand why our courageous Korean people can go on smiling in spite of their poverty and tragic experiences. Many times we wonder about Bundo's mother and father and hope they know what a treasure they had.

Bundo has an intuitive sense of protocol. When our Mother General visited the clinic last year, Bundo did not have to be introduced. He seemed instinctively to know who Mother Mary Columba is. He tagged along after her almost as a self-appointed bodyguard, did Bundo our garbage-can baby.



MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

| This | \$ | , I hope, | will help | you in t | he work of | aiding | children | of | the |
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| world | materially | and spiri | tually. | | | | | | |

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month for this purpose. I realize I may stop at any time.

Remember OUR DEAD



You and your departed share in over 750 Masses Maryknoll priests say each Friday for benefactors. Pray for our departed during November.

Brother LOUIS REINHART, of New York City, was an accomplished actor before he came to Maryknoll. He served the Society for twentyeight years. He died Sept. 8, 1957.

Father Albert J. Murphy, of Springfield, Mass., gave thirty-four of his fifty-six years to Maryknoll. He endeared himself to thousands of Chinese in Manchuria before World War II closed that mission; later he worked on Formosa. He died October 5, 1957.

Father WILLIAM V. WHITLOW, of New York City, came to Maryknoll in 1922. After ordination he helped pioneer Maryknoll's mission in Kyoto, Japan. During World War II he taught Japanese to naval trainees at Holy Cross. He later worked among Japanese in Los Angeles; died December 31, 1957.

Sister MARY MATTHEW, of Montclair, N.J., was assigned to China in 1923. A veteran of decades in the Far East and eighteen years of intense suffering, she died Feb. 25.

Sister MARY CAMILLUS, of Brushtown, N.Y., put in eighteen years as a nurse and teacher in China. Cancer tells the story of the last of her thirty-six years with Maryknoll. She died March 8.

Sister RAPHAEL MARIE, of San Francisco, Calif., gave generously of her secretarial talent to Maryknoll's Superior General. She died March 17, after an illness of seventeen hours.

Sister ZOE MARIE, of Greensboro, N.C., won many friends for Christ and His Blessed Mother during the ten years she worked in Hawaii and in the Philippines. She died March 28.

Sister MARY CHAMINADE, of St. Louis, Mo., came to Maryknoll in 1926. She was assigned to editorial work. With Sister Juliana she wrote many books for children. She died April 12.

INTRODUCING

Sweet Talk

BY PETER J. HALLIGAN, M.M.

DOWN HERE in Peru, we have one police force for a whole county. A policeman's lot is a happy one only in the cities or the big towns. An assignment to the mountains is considered a punishment for a cop who did not make the grade or who has

no friends in power.

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That is why our police chief in Ilave is all the more remarkable. He is a charmer, right down to his fingertips. He carries a pair of gloves with him, but his right hand is always free and ready to shake hands with anyone. We call him "Sweet Talk." Every person he meets gets a deep bow. And a kiss on the hand if of the fair sex. For a man, he clicks his heels, shakes hands, and goes into a five-minute salutation, replete with inquiries as to the other's health, wealth, family life, past, present, future. Of course he doesn't expect answers to his polite questions. Probably, if he were interrupted with an answer, he would be so confused that he would have to start his speech all over again.

Just a smile and a nod of the head, now and then, are enough, When he is all through with his greeting, he blinks his eyes a few times and seems to snap back to reality. Then one knows he is ready to discuss any business at hand.

I never tire of meeting old Sweet Talk; he is like a whiff of perfume in our rather plain and cold life up here in the mountains. It is a wonder that he never tires of turning on the charm. The local population is anything but sophisticated, yet he seems to thrive on it. Meet him a second or third time the same day, and he will gladly go into his act, as if he had not met you for weeks.

I could never accuse Sweet Talk of being completely sober — or of being absolutely drunk. His words come rolling out like sweet honey. If he had entered diplomatic service, I'm sure he would have been

a charmer of great fame.

There is not much chance that he will put our little town of Ilave on the tourist circuit, but he is a pleasure to have around. Ask any policeman in the world what he thinks of his chief. No matter what he answers, I'll bet him even money that, though we do not have much else to boast of in Ilave, we do have the most charming police chief in the world.

NOVEMBER, 1958

29

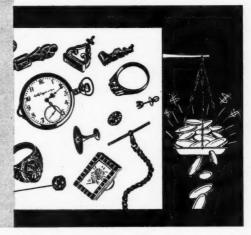


The Rights of a Child

The world's greatest treasure lies in its children. Therefore, mankind must give the child the best that it has to offer.

- Every child is the equal of every other child, regardless of race, social background, or nationality.
- Every child is born to an eternal destiny and has a consequent right to religious education and training.
- Every child has the right to natural growth as part of a family; therefore, protection of the family as a unit is a basic function of society.
- Every child has the right to a normal development, both physical and intellectual, with the opportunity for training that will enable it at the proper time to earn a livelihood and develop a family of its own.
- Every child has the right to preferred protection in time of distress; when there is hunger, the child is the first to be guarded and nursed.
- Every child is to be brought up in the knowledge that its talents are precious gifts to be devoted to the service of its Maker and its fellow men.

OLD JEWELRY CAN HELP MISSIONS



Your old gold, jewelry, diamonds or other precious stones can be converted into mission money — to feed the starving, heal the sick and shelter the unfortunate!

Almost every family has outmoded but still-valuable lockets, pins, watches, chains, cuff links — not worn because they are out of style; not thrown away because of their intrinsic worth. They do you no good — probably never will — but they may mean the difference between life and death to people in mission lands!

We have often asked Maryknoll members and friends to make real sacrifices: to do without some luxury for the sake of another's necessity. Now we ask only for your buried treasure — the gold teeth, the broken bracelet, the watch that will not run, the clasp that is not worth repairing!

No costume jewelry, please, for it has no value. We cannot accept your old gold to be made into a chalice; but we can and do promise that it will be used to save souls, to heal bodies, to spread the kingdom of God in lands beyond the seas!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Separately I am sending you the following items of old jewelry, old gold teeth, gold, diamonds or other precious stones, to be converted into money for the missions.

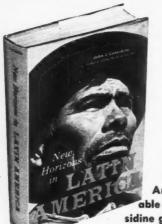
| MY NAME | |
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The Church lost a great leader, and the missions a firm friend, with the passing of Chicago's beloved Cardinal Stritch. Keep him in your prayers this month.

FROM A COLOR PORTRAIT BY FABIAN BACHRACH





A searching new look at

New Horizons in Latin America

As recently as yesterday, North Ameri-

by John J. Considine, M.M.

cans have been accused of being incapable of understanding their Latin-American neighbors. Now, in a very readable and highly informative book, Father Considine gives us a third dimensional viewpoint—sympathetic appraisal—of the life and customs, the aims and difficulties of the twenty republics of the western hemisphere. Of tremendous importance in our day, particularly to Catholics, is this continent where one-third of the world's Catholics live their lives in the Mystical Body of Christ.

CF

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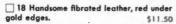
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Why Aid the Needy?

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ DURING the past year, it has become increasingly fashionable to question on pragmatic grounds the aid given by our country to needy nations. It has been pointed out that, for the vast sums spent, we Americans have received little in return; that instead of winning friends, we have lost them; and finally, that charity begins at home, particularly when our own country has had a recession.

In view of all this discussion, it is well to cut through some of the political smoke and to determine on moral principles whether or not we have an obligation to aid the needy; and if such an obligation does exist, to determine the principles that should govern our actions.

First, it can be amply demonstrated that we have an obligation in charity to help the poor and needy of the world. The commands of Our Lord to give to the poor and to love our neighbor are echoed over and over again in the Gospels. And the reminder, also, is there: "as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me" (Matthew 25:40).

Secondly, if we are to accept the word of modern Popes, we have also an obligation in *justice* to help the world's poor and needy. Papal encyclicals, speeches, and other

writings have insisted on the essential oneness of mankind, and the consequent obligations of the members of this single human family one for another. "It is he who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things. And has made of one, all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth..." (Acts 17: 25-26). Thus the obligations of one man towards another are rooted in more than charity. They are rooted in international social justice.

While the moral principles are there for anyone looking for them, the observation must be made that the conscience of the average American is not yet sensitive to these principles. This is not surprising for our concepts of social justice are in a formative stage. Fifty years. ago, social justice was practically unknown in our own economic life. Moral principles were not supposed to apply to industrial relations, the right of workers to organize was challenged, the obligation of paying a family wage was but a dream. The far-reaching social encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI were challenges to stir the consciences of all men. Today the radical principles advocated by those Popes are accepted as norms for economic social justice on the national level.

Our moral attitude in the field of international social justice stands at a point today that is equivalent to our position fifty or seventy-five years ago in the field of industrial social justice. A half century from now, the average American will be as prompt to demand justice, on moral grounds, for other peoples of the world, as he is ready to insist today on basic social rights for his own fellow citizens, rights such as decent housing or fair employment practices.

When that day comes, our whole thinking will have altered. General illiteracy will be as undesirable as it is for our own citizens. The lack of technical knowledge in any corner of the world will be as important as would be the lack of technical knowledge in the United States. The fact that some Africans or some Asians are poorly housed or underfed will mean as much to us as if New Yorkers or Chicagoans were poorly housed or underfed.

And the important thing will be that we will decide these facts not on the principles of political expediency or religious charity, but because we recognize that all needy people have rights that concern all of us. Our decision will be a moral decision, not a pragmatic or practical consideration.

The unfortunate thing will be if this process of moral formation of the American conscience takes too long. Because in the intervening years, our less-fortunate brothers will starve or be sick or fail to know God, simply because we have not reached maturity.

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missioners in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

Address:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States ... Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missioners so many of your heroes and heroines."

Pope Plus XII in Mission Sunday
 Address to American Catholics

MEALS FOR MILLIONS

For three cents a day, a child's life is saved. A private crusade to end world hunger is begun in California and reaches out to the farthest corners of our needy world.

while millions of Americans sit down this month to expensive Thanksgiving dinners, other people in poorer parts of the world will be eating meals that cost only three cents but which provide almost equivalent nourishment. This seeming miracle has been wrought by the vision and perseverance of a former cafeteria operator, a college professor, and a one-time New York City social worker, who together set out on a crusade against world hunger.

This private aid program, begun in 1946, so far has distributed more than fifty million meals to the hungry of the world. These meals contain the equivalent of a quarter pound of meat, a baked potato, dish of peas, and a glass of milk. Yet they are available at a cost of only three cents a meal! And the millions of such meals served around the world have been donations of private American citizens, who for half the price of a daily newspaper were glad to feed someone suffering from famine or malnutrition.

Testimonials for this "miracle food" have come from scientists, missioners, and social workers, as well as from governments and the poor themselves. Dr. Thomas A. Dooley in his new book, The Edge of Tomorrow, says that this Multi-Purpose Food "was directly responsible for saving hundreds of lives in

my mountain hospital." Monsignor George Carroll, Maryknoller in charge of Korean relief, wrote asking, "Why isn't it shipped out by the carload?" Dr. Albert Schweitzer calls it "wonderful," and Maryknoll's Father George Hirschboeck wrote that it "is a godsend to our poor."

MPF, or Multi-Purpose Food, is the result of a dream by Los Angeles cafeteria owner Clifford Clinton. During World War II, Mr. Clinton began thinking about the famines that he was sure would follow in the wake of the war. He asked himself why such starvation should be necessary in this age of science and technology. He sent a personal check for \$5,000 to the California Institute of Technology, asking that a search be started for a high-pro-



Mr. Clinton gave the idea; Dr. Borsook (right) researched it to success; Miss Rose is promoter.

Meals for Millions has donated many thousands of pounds of Multi-Purpose Food to Maryknollers in Africa, Latin America, and the Orient. However because of growing demand, these donations must be limited. If our readers wish to contribute, every 3c received will provide a meal of MPF to be distributed by a Maryknoller.

tein food that would be cheap, easily prepared, easily stored, and tasty.

This almost-impossible task was turned over to Dr. Henry Borsook, a CalTech scientist. It took Dr. Borsook almost a year of work but he finally produced a food that looks like sawdust; tastes like turkey dressing; can be eaten raw, cooked, or mixed as a supplement in other food; two ounces of which provides a square meal at a cost of only three cents. The basic ingredient is soybean to which are added essential minerals and vitamins.

But instead of the world beating a path to the door of MPF, the new food was met with suspicion. A few critics suggested that it was a type of racket. Others declared that native peoples wouldn't accept a strange food. It was here that Miss Florence Rose, the New York social worker, came on the scene. Miss Rose was brought in as executive secretary for the Meals for Millions Foundation. A woman of seemingly limitless energy and gifted with an

unusual sense of mission, Miss Rose became the human dynamo behind an equally dynamic idea.

Today MPF is accepted everywhere, and the Meals for Millions Foundation is hard put to keep up with requests. Nor is that all.

Today, experiments are being carried on with MPF as a means of enriching American school-lunch diets. It has already been used in this country among the Navajo Indians, migratory farm workers, and in one Southern flood. The Army has also experimented with it. Miss Rose's idea now is to persuade foreign governments to carry on research that would use local surpluses to substitute for the sovbean base. She has had success here. Iraq is experimenting with dates and sesame meal. India has an abundance of peanut meal and is testing that.

"Three out of four people in the world go to bed hungry every night!" says Miss Rose. "But the rest of mankind feel little concern. People get excited about sudden famines but do not realize that long-term malnutrition takes a

greater toll in lives."

Meals for Millions is a tribute to American ingenuity and charity. It offers an easy way to help the poor and needy of the world. Several years ago, Bishop Raymond A. Lane, writing in these pages, suggested that every family set an extra place at table, reserved for some starving person, and put aside three cents to buy the hungry one a square meal. The suggestion was a good one then, and is well worth our repeating now.



THE KOREAN MARTYRS

During the 18th century, 8,000 Korean Catholic men, women and children were put to death for the Faith.

The Church has already given 109 of them the glorious title, "Blessed."

MILESTONES

ST. BONIFACE,

eighth-century missionary bishop, set out from his native England to preach the Gospel and plant the cross in Germany. His apostolic life and labors were crowned by his martyrdom.







HOLY MARTYRS OF UGANDA

Twenty-two men and boys heroically chose death rather than deny the Faith. They were martyred by fire, in 1887. Their blood, the seed of Africa's conversion.

MISSIONS

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I Left My Heart on Hokkaido

Generosity and self-sacrifice prove to be a bit contagious.

BY MISS PAT MACK

■ WHEN I went overseas during the winter of 1956 as a secretary for the American Red Cross, I did not know that I would get involved in mission work on Hokkaido.

In the beginning of my tour, I was assigned to Tokyo. Four months later I was winging my way north to Hokkaido and a new assignment. There I met the Catholic chaplain, Father Vincent C. Merfeld. His

brother is a Maryknoll priest teaching now at Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

Father Merfeld knew many of the Maryknoll priests on Hokkaido and introduced them to the airmen at our base. Through the little Catholic group that seemed to migrate together after Mass each day, I gradually began to hear more and more about the invaluable mission work they were performing. I decided I wanted to meet them very much.

It was not long after that Father Merfeld, A/IC Sebatis S. Mitchell (known as "Mitch"), and I began periodic trips to see the Maryknoll priests. There were two locales we visited frequently—mainly because most of the other mission sites were

inaccessible by car, and sometimes even the train did not reach the final destination.

The first, Tomakomai, a drive of some forty minutes from the base, was Maryknoll headquarters for the island. There we came to know the Regional Vicarof Maryknoll, Father Clarence J. Witte. His example will long remain an inspiration to those who come in contact with him.

In the spring, we were able to visit Father Edmond L. Ryan at Iwamizawa. This trip took a good two hours over bumpy, gravel roads often impassable in the winter time. Father Ryan and another priest, Father George A. Mueller, were the only two Americans in that little town. Consequently, when we visited there, we caused quite a stir.

I shall long remember I wamizawa for a special reason. Shortly before one particular trip, we asked Father Ryan if there was anything particular he needed. He told us about a bazaar that was being planned by the young people of his little mission parish, and suggested that old, usable clothes would be of tremendous help to them. He also mentioned that the girls planned to sell hot coffee and refreshments.

In due time, the clothing we collected, plus a goodly supply of instant coffee and hot chocolate, was delivered to Father Ryan. Later he told us that the bazaar had been a tremendous success, and that all the clothing had been sold, as well as the coffee and chocolate.

We were pleased to think that we had been able to assist in some small way. I had further cause to rejoice when I was presented with two small, handmade, Japanese dolls. Each held a little book, and on the first page, written in Japanese, were these words: "Blessed Are the Merciful for They Shall Obtain Mercy." Father Ryan told me that two little Japanese girls had worked laboriously over the dolls as their way of saying, "Thank you."

There were many occasions when the priests had to come down to the base, most often for dental and medical care. A fine Catholic dentist, Dr. James Kane of Chicago, was a staunch supporter of Maryknoll. All the priests knew him, for he handled their dental work whenever possible.

Shortly before Jim rotated back to the States, he sent out a "call" to the Maryknollers. He told them that he was leaving, and if they needed any dental work done, to come in right away. To understand the significance of this, it must be pointed out that the medical techniques of Japanese dentists are sometimes not as painless as those of American dentists.

As I grew better acquainted with the men of Maryknoll, it often occurred to me how many, many things are taken for granted, and how many conveniences and comforts missioners cheerfully give up to toil in foreign lands for the glory of God. Lunch at the Officers' Club was nothing special to us, but it was a luxury to a missioner. Our PX was sadly lacking in many items—we found it quite irritating at times—but the missioner has no such facilities. All this was a humbling experience for me.

It was with mixed emotions that I prepared to leave Japan in early

February, 1958. My tour with the American Red Cross was completed, but my allegiance to Maryknoll had really just begun.

Surely God knew when He guided me to Hokkaido that I should never really be able to say good-by.

This fact was more clearly illuminated subsequent to my return to the United States. Through publicity received in the Catholic Northwest Progress about my experiences, several wonderful things have happened. The Cardinal Club in Tacoma, Wash., has begun "Operation Hokkaido." Members are collecting clothing, household goods, and anything that can be put to use in mission work. They also sponsored a benefit dance earlier this year for the Hokkaido missions.

A priest in a small town in Washington sent Father Witte a check. An old lady called me to say that, although she didn't have much money, she would like to send the Maryknollers a few dollars as a Lent-

A TRULY CATHOLIC WILL remembers

1. the parish

2. the diocese

3. national Catholic institutions

4. foreign missions

en sacrifice. A Mothers' Club called to ask for more information, in the hope that members can do something to help. The power

of Maryknoll and the Catholic press!
Looking back, I thank God for the blessing of Father Merfeld's friendship and my first encounter with Maryknoll through him. Submitting themselves to the many discomforts of life in a foreign land — with perpetual words of wisdom, cheer and comfort for the many strangers with whom they come in contact — forever relentlessly seeking the "lost sheep" in a pagan land — the Maryknollers I knew exemplified self-sacrifice at its best.

Those days on Hokkaido seem very long ago, now that I am back in this busy Stateside way of living. Though some 5,000 miles of land and water now separate me from Japan, the two years past cannot be erased from my memory. The imprint is deep, for I left my heart with Maryknoll on Hokkaido.

INDY ANN - FIGURE SKATER.









Fighting Their Way to the Priesthood

BY JAMES W. MUNDELL, M.M.

■ IVAN, fourteen years old, had his heart set on a bicycle for years. This year, his older brothers—who work in the steel mill in Talcahuano, Chile—had promised to give him one for Christmas. But when they found out that Ivan wants to be a priest, they were enraged; they told the boy that if he persisted with such a crazy idea, they would not give him a bicycle for Christmas.

"Then I don't want one!" said Ivan.

On Christmas morning, after Mass, Ivan was a ringleader of horseplay in the garage alongside my chapel. Ivan, without his bicycle, had the brightest eyes of all the boys playing in the garage. He had sacrificed what to him was the apple of his eye, the most desirable of all presents. He had learned that the Baby Boy in the manger gives a hundredfold in return.

One day Louis ran up to me. His eye was black and blue and red and swollen. His head was cut open but bandaged. Some boys in the public school had learned that Louis was going to be a priest. They jeered

at him and made fun of him for wanting to be a priest.

They didn't realize their imprudence. For Louis is one who can handle himself. He has two hefty fists. He laid into his tormentors and came out black and blue.

"You should've seen the others, Padre," he said with a grin.

These are but samples of the obstacles that boys here in my parish in Chile must encounter if they want to be priests. Communism, Masonry, Protestantism, indifferentism—all work up open and active hostility to the Church and everything connected with the Church here in my workers' parish. My people are employed in Chile's steel mill—the largest in South America.

Despite such overwhelming odds, God's grace manages to shine through. God's calling is being answered by three boys from Talcahuano parish. These three go to the diocesan seminary, and two are going to the Jesuits this year. Louis, Ivan, Miguel, Bernardo and Luis Tapia are fighting their way to the priesthood.





Volunteer teachers (left) receive visual aids from Father James J. Pruss. (Above) Father Bernard F. Ryan quizzes some of his radio-school pupils.

SCHOOL OF THE AIRWAVES

A network of outdoor classes is revising Aymaran history.

BY AMBROSE C. GRAHAM, M.M.

■ THE TEACHER raps for silence. The pupils say their prayers in the Aymaran language. Roll is called. The lesson begins.

The classroom is out of doors in

the Bolivian sun and wind. The teacher's desk holds a small radio set, complete with battery. The lessons pour out of the loudspeaker.

The priest giving the class is twenty miles away in the radio center. The local teacher is a volunteer. He hangs up the right chart for the lesson, points out each word as the radio voice pronounces it, and has the class repeat the word or sentence. The pupils are farmers or herdsmen.

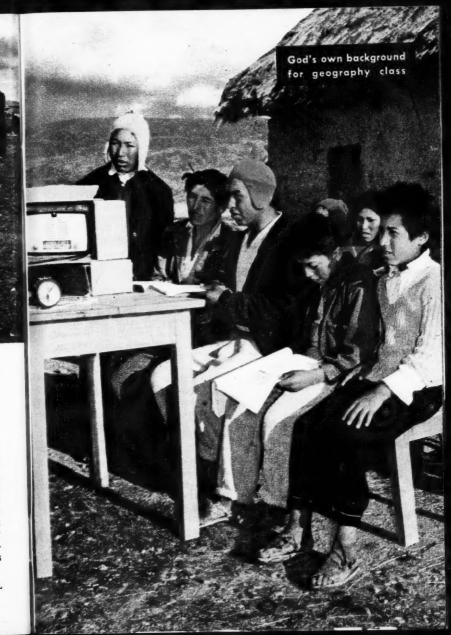


By means of charts, field teachers and adult pupils follow the lessons broadcast by Father Pruss (below) from the radio station in Penas.

This scene is enacted in fifteen other, widely scattered, radio classes. The pupils sing their lessons in Spanish, as school children do all over Bolivia. On the chart, they point out pictures for the new Spanish words they are learning.

The Aymaras ignored their Spanish conquerors for four centuries. They refused to learn the white men's language or follow their customs. Generations of Aymaras lived in isolation on land that once was all theirs. They gained the reputation of being cold, aloof, cruel. But in this outdoor classroom, aided by the miracle of radio, modern Aymaras laugh and chat and joke as they learn the Spanish language.

MARYKNOLL



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Churches are religious, social, and educational centers in Aymaran life.

In a bouncing jeep on our way. back to Penas, the center of Maryknoll's highest mission in Bolivia, Chicago's Father Bernard F. Ryan told me that his parish covers 150 square miles in the altiplano. Most of the area is useless for agriculture and grazing. The 12,000 Aymaran parishioners are settled in about forty sections where the land is fair. Even in the dry season, it is almost impossible for the priest to get around to all sections for systematic teaching of catechism.

"We decided to use the radioschool system, and we are following the program used successfully by the Church in Colombia," explained Father Ryan. "At the present time, the children attend Government schools. We want to help the adults. who never had such an opportunity. Last year over 200 adults learned to speak, read, and write Spanish,"

The volunteer teacher cares for the radio set, alarm clock, and educational charts. He calls pupils to school by hoisting a radio flag ahead of time. Before the class begins, the radio voice tells him

what charts will be used in that day's lessons. He has them ready.

The volunteer teachers go to the center six times a year, for special training. Future lessons are explained very carefully to them, and they are taught to give proper emphasis to the more-important phases. Each volunteer is an important, respected citizen in his community.

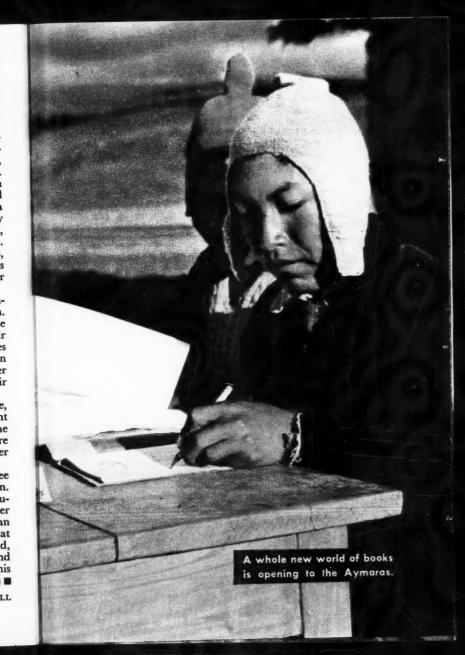
This year, over 500 pupils are in the radio schools. They attend class for one and a half hours a day, five days a week, for forty weeks. Some go in the mornings, from seven to half past eight. Others attend in the afternoons, from five to half past six. There is no school when it's time to plant or

harvest crops.

Classes are taught in two languages, Spanish and Aymaran. With a knowledge of Spanish, the people gradually can take their place in the national life. Besides grammar, they learn arithmetic in Spanish. They can make better bargains if they are able to sell their produce in La Paz.

Religion, agriculture, hygiene, history, and geography are taught in the Aymara's own language. The year's courses in those subjects are recorded on tape. All the teacher has to do is play them through.

"Even in these early days, we see signs of success," said Father Ryan. "When 500 people change their routine, and work either earlier or later in order to attend classes, we can forget about the difficulties that confront us. To hear the once cold. aloof Aymaras chat in Spanish, and joke about the lessons, makes this work a pleasure."





BALANCE



About lions, zebras, baboons, leopards, storks and caterpillars

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ EAST AFRICA is full of wonderful mountains and hills, rocks of different kinds, grassy plains and thorn forests, animals, vastness of the lake scenery up on this high plateau; many people different from me and from each other. Yet all is wonderfully balanced, harmonious.

Zebras, for example, don't appreciate the fact that lions are handsome and fast and fearless. They only know that lions bite, and that they keep on biting until the poor zebra is all eaten up. Zebras don't know that, if there were no lions to keep down the zebras' numbers, there wouldn't be enough grass to eat. A zebra is only a striped donkey and can't be expected to have an appreciation of such things; anyway he's too vitally concerned. Glad I'm not a zebra.

African farmers don't like baboons; they have good reason not to. Baboons are hideous brutes; big monkeys that have horrid faces and run on all fours. They have bright blue or red markings on their faces; they have thick manes, long tails that stand out straight before drooping down. Baboons are properly monkeys, but resemble vicious dogs in some ways. In other ways they resemble humans just enough to make them seem frightening, monstrous.

Farmers don't like baboons because they spoil the gardens. No dry thorn fence keeps them out because they know how to drag away a few branches to make an opening. They then tear up root crops and break down standing grain. It's not so much what baboons eat as what they spoil. And they are very hard to catch. If you get one, that's all! The rest vanish - only to return when you've gone. Poison them and they eat a wild root that makes them vomit, and then they are all right again. Sometimes baboons get so bad that the people must move out of the district.



But it's not all fun for the baboons, either. Leopards are very fond of them — and not in a chummy way. More than that, leopards like to have their lairs among the boulder-heaped hills just where baboons hang out. Baboons don't appreciate this part of the nice balance in nature; they are merely 'overgrown monkeys.

A year ago in this neighborhood, just before the long rainy season, there came a plague of caterpillars. Many a child was named kungu in those days because caterpillars were everywhere. Little hairy fellows they were, slowly moving across the hills and plains, eating every tender green thing. And then God sent storks to eat them up. These were ordinary storks, the kind that everyone knows; the fabled kind that bring a baby slung in a diaper. But thousands of them! Thousands of storks, standing about as thick as chickens in a barnyard, or wheeling about in the sky in numbers beyond counting. The caterpillars were a picnic feast for the storks.

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Africans take all of these animal appetites for granted. I've heard more than one man out here say, "They're all doing the work God has given them."

It often takes an outsider to appreciate the beauty of any part of God's creation. But in whatever part of the world one lives there are plenty of beauty and harmony, if one will only notice them. And there's infinitely more beauty in the good God, who has arranged all these things, and keeps them going in such nice balance.

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Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

This year, you can do most of

your Christmas shopping without

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A language teacher corrects pronunciation; gives the priest daily practice.

Learning to Talk Again

Like going to kindergarten after twenty years of school.

BY DAVID J. GAFFNY, M.M.

■ MISSIONERS have to adapt themselves to the people to whom they are sent. This adaptation is never more evident or necessary than in the question of language. Mary-knoll missioners are given the care of souls in many different regions of the world.

My classmates will learn to speak

lots of strange tongues: Korean, Mandarin, Taiwanese, Japanese, Igorot, Spanish, Mayan, Quechuan, Aymaran, Kiswahili, a bewildering variety of tribal tongues. We must learn these languages in order to take the word of God and His love to people who know Him not.

Maryknollers are sent all over the world; it would be impossible for them to learn the many necessary languages in the seminary. In each region our Society sets up language schools to train young missioners in the language and customs of his adopted people.

Each Maryknoller studies the lan-

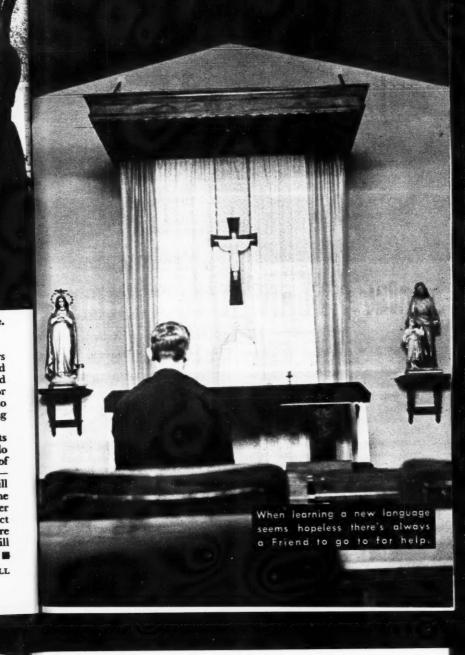


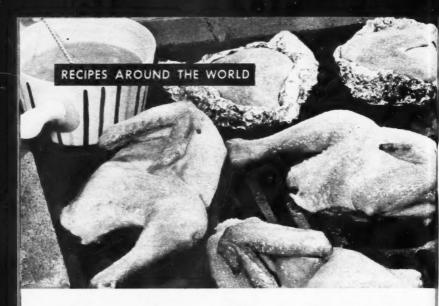
Even faltering Spanish helps Father Kaemmerlen get acquainted with his people.

guage of his people on the spot, in the very environment in which he will work. Some language schools consist of nothing more than a local teacher and the missioner who is his pupil. Others have thirty or more missioners from various societies (as in Japan), studying the language together for two years. Here in Bolivia we get a good start in Spanish in six months.

No language is impossible to learn, but every language demands a lot of study. The language school can give the tyro missioner a working knowledge, but mastery of the idiom will come only after many years of further study and practice. Even after fifteen or twenty years of work in a region, experienced missioners say that they understand the meaning of almost any word or expression their people use but do not fully understand the thinking of their people.

Maryknoll's language students pray that they will be able to do much to bring in a big harvest of souls. They pray also that others—priests, Brothers, Sisters—will come to help. Long before he knows the language a Maryknoller learns at first hand and by direct experience how few missioners there are for the millions who are still waiting to hear about Christ.





More Than Mere Tasting

MANY COOK worthy of the name knows that food must be not only taste-tempting but eye-catching as well. People enjoy food through all the senses. The sound of a steak sizzling over charcoal, adds an immeasurable something to the flavor. A cleverly garnished salad is sure to be a "conversation piece" with your guests. All of which is a roundabout way of saying that the proof of the cooking is in more than the tasting.

Our recipes this month come from many parts of the world and from many sources. This first recipe, for example, is from Gaston Magrin, chef for the *Ile de France*.

VEAL TARRAGON (France)

2 pounds white breast of veal

2 tablespoons butter

1/2 cup white wine

¼ cup meat juice 6 sprigs tarragon

Have your butcher cut the lower, white part of breast of veal into pieces I inch by 2½ inches. Brown them in tablespoon of butter in saucepan. Add wine and meat juice or extract, cover, and let simmer until well done (about an hour). Remove the meat from sauce. Blend small pieces of butter into sauce with a fork. Having coarsely

chopped the tarragon, sprinkle it on meat. Then pour sauce over it. Garnish with small round potatoes cooked separately. Do not put the tarragon in sauce while cooking, or it will give bitter taste. This recipe can be used for veal chops or scaloppine. Serves 4.

SUNOMONO SALAD (Japan)

1/2 cup sugar

Pinch of salt

¼ cup vinegar 8 medium radishes

¼ cucumber

1 fresh persimmon

1 teaspoon grated horseradish

I teaspoon grated ginger root

Mix sugar and salt into vinegar. Pare radishes and grate finely, adding them to vinegar. Cut cucumber into ½ inch cubes. Dice the persimmon slightly larger. (Boiled shrimp may substitute for persimmon.) Mix in cucumber, persimmon, freshly grated horseradish, and freshly grated ginger root. Season to taste with soy sauce. Shape into mounds on individual salad plates. Garnish with sesame seed, ground peanuts or walnuts, caviar, or soybean cake. Makes 4 servings.

PORK BALINESE (Bali)

1 pound pork

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2 teaspoons salad oil

1/4 pound celery, chopped

¼ pound onions, chopped ¼ pound water chestnuts, sliced

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¼ pound bamboo shoots, sliced one inch long

¼ pound mushrooms, sliced

1 pound bean sprouts, washed and drained

I cup chicken broth

1 teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons cornstarch

Cut pork into inch squares and sauté in oil (or butter). Add vegetables, salt, and chicken broth. Cook about 5 minutes over medium fire. Mix cornstarch with water and blend into sauce to thicken. Yields 4 servings.

CHICKEN CURRY (Pakistan)

¼ pound butter

1/2 cup chopped onion

3-pound chicken

I cup yogurt

2 cups water

1 teaspoon ground ginger

1 teaspoon turmeric powder

4 small green chili peppers, chopped 2 whole cardamoms and small stick

of cinnamon tied in cheesecloth

Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in large, heavy kettle. Add onion and cook until tender. Remove onion and brown chicken in remaining butter. Return onion and add yogurt, water, ginger, and turmeric. Cook medium heat for 15 minutes. Add chili peppers, cardamoms, and cinnamon. Salt and pepper. Cook another 20 minutes, or until chicken is tender. Remove cheesecloth bag with cardamoms and cinnamon. Yields 6 to 8 servings.

ters of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Love Letter

I love you all. I enclose 6c to keep Maryknollers in Guatemala on the go. I was going to buy peanuts with this money but I didn't.

SHARON BARNES

Cleveland

Missioners All

Apostolic action is not limited to mission activity. The Church is One. All partake of missionary needs and apostolic obligations. Every social worker, every doctor, every teacher, every nurse, every farmer has the obligation to look on his or her profession as an apostolic opportunity. The same applies to the mother and father of a family and every activity a Christian engages in. We must all teach by word and deed. The goal is one as the Mystical Body is One and each of us has his or her function in that glorious effort.

CATHERINE BUEHLER Elmhurst, N. Y.

Good From Evil

The enclosed \$23 was money I was not expecting. No, it is not graft (that would be in larger amounts!). I was at a convention and was among several poisoned by some food and this is a token payment of the hotel to me. I can think of no better use for it than the missions.

NAME WITHHELD

Marion, Ohio

Pass It On

What do you do with your Catholic magazines after you finish with them? They are potential missionaries. You should pass them along, particularly to non-Catholics because they can help win many converts. Copies of Catholic newspapers and magazines will be welcomed at various veterans' and county and state hospitals, by prison chaplains, at military bases, and in foreign countries. We have a committee here, organized by a convert, Mrs. Norman Smith, that places free Catholic magazines in strategic places. Mrs. Smith had been in charge of a Literature Distribution Committee for the Christian Scientists before her conversion. She knew this program worked for them and felt sure it would work for Catholics. If anyone is interested in the procedure for setting up such a committee in their own area we will be glad to send a folder explaining the procedures. Just write to Catholic Literature Distribution Committee, 550 Church Street, Monterey, California. We would also like copies of Catholic Digest, America. Jubilee, Commonweal, The Sign, Information, Maryknoll, Catholic World, The Way of St. Francis and Extension. We have found these to be the most effective in our program. Copies must not be more than six months old. We tear off or paste over any name labels.

J. OGURCHOK

Fresno, Calif.

Useful

For the past four years I have been majoring in elementary education. My main subject interest has been geography and I have been madly collecting pictures and information from my three favorite magazines — Holiday, National Geographic, and MARYKNOLL. I feel that your magazine is excellent source material for any teacher and quite as informational as the other two.

FRANCES CALLAN

Kent, Ohio

Query

I have a question relative to the enclosed page "Will You Take His Place" about Father William Cummings. I am very curious to know whether this page was inspired by a book I read, Give Us This Day. While reading it I had nagging thoughts about another book condensed in The Reader's Digest, which turned out to be a hoax. I cannot conceive of any man undergoing what this man underwent and surviving, either physically or mentally. Several other people who read this book felt the same way about it. So when one of my co-workers ran across the enclosed page from your magazine, it was proof to her that the book was true. What are the facts?

FRANCES M. MANLEY Roslindale, Mass.

■ Father William Cummings, who received such a beautiful tribute from Sidney Stewart in "Give Us This Day," was a very real person. He was a Maryknoll missioner from San Francisco. Numerous stories about him have appeared in this magazine. His story in Stewart's book is substantially correct. We have heard it from other fellow prisoners, soldiers and chaplains, who, like Stewart, survived this ordeal.

Inspiration

I am a junior in high school who enjoys your magazine. I have received more knowledge of geography and Christian charity from it than from any courses taken in school. MARYKNOLL has aroused my interest in the poor of foreign lands, and one day I hope to dedicate my life as a Maryknoll nun to their needs.

NAME WITHHELD

Laurence Harbor, N. J.

Power of Prayer

I would like to comment on Father Reilly's story, "A Share in Her Cross." I am a student nurse and saw a woman die in a similar manner. Although death is never pleasant to witness, I never saw a more beautiful death than a woman spending her last moments in prayer while holding a crucifix. It was wonderful that the young man's prayers were answered in your story. This shows the power of prayer and the need of missioners to help spread our wonderful Faith.

Detroit Sharon Ann Shea

Indy Ann

I'm glad Indy Ann is back. My children missed her so much. She is one of the reasons why youngsters like MARY-KNOLL. My own three look for her adventures the first thing when the magazines come in and then they go on to read the rest of your fine book. Please, please, don't let Indy Ann go on any more vacations.

MRS. FRANK CONSTANCE

Chicago Good Food

Thanks for the recipes. They add variety to meals in our house!

CATHERINE C. METTING Oak Park, Ill.

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in the dark about WILLS?



St. Francis de Sales throws light on your will.

When this wise and holy man, in his old age, composed a rule for devout persons living in the world, he laid down as one of the first duties the early drawing of a will.

Only You Can Make Your Will.

Carelessness, delay, a feeling that wills are for the wealthy, or lack of thought about what happens when one dies intestate, have caused more misery than is realized. Why take the risk? Now, today, while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will.

To Refuse Is Like Saying,

"I have no exciting news to write my mother, so why bother to write her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected President. Making a will is a matter of affection and kindness and justice, as well as of law and property.

FILL OUT NOW!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

Dear Fathers,

Please send me your FREE booklet, What Only You Can Do. I understand there is no obligation and no one will call on me about this.

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First Martyr

from the

New World



■ IN HIS unruly youth, St. Philip of Jesus (1571-1597), O.F.M., seemed an unlikely candidate for sainthood. While in his teens, he was sent to live in a Franciscan monastery in his native Mexico. He rebelled against discipline, however, and was forced to leave. Eventually he went to the Philippines, where he recognized his vocation, and joined the Franciscans.

When time for ordination approached, late in 1596, Philip set sail for Mexico. A storm drove his ship to Japan, then ruled by the viciously anti-Christian Hideyoshi. The discovery of cannon and ammunition aboard created suspicion of a plot to conquer the country.

The enraged ruler ordered the arrest of Philip and other Franciscans in Kyoto. In the days that followed, more Catholics were arrested. The prisoners, their ears cropped, were paraded through the streets of Kyoto and Osaka. On Feb. 5, 1597, they arrived in Nagasaki. The group included six Franciscan mis-

sioners, three Japanese Jesuits, and seventeen lay Christians.

On this month's cover, by Joseph Watson Little, St. Philip of Jesus is shown with thirteen-year-old St. Thomas Kosaki. On his last night in prison, the Japanese boy had written his mother that he would see her again in heaven.

"Oh, mother," continued his letter, "our life in this world is but a fleeting dream, and as the cherry blossoms in springtime are scattered before the wind, so do our days on this earth disappear. Farewell, my dearest mother. I thank you for all the goodness you have shown me from the time that God gave me to you as a tiny baby. Father and I are going to heaven, hand in hand, and there we shall wait for you."

The martyrs faced death joyfully. On their crosses, they sang hymns until soldiers pierced their hearts with spears. Their blood watered the seeds of Christianity planted in Japan by St. Francis Xavier half a century earlier.

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WANT ADS

Standing Room Only—now! You can put a pew in a Maryknoll Indian village church in Peru for \$50.

The White Plague! But with the new "wonder drugs," it no longer need be. From Taichung, Formosa, Maryknoll missioners beg your dimes and dollars to buy medicine for tuberculosis victims.

Literary Test, if given in every country, would be passed by almost all Japanese. What a grand place to open a Catholic library. Our missioners need \$100 to start one.

The Eucharist in Storage? A ware-house in Chile is serving as a church. One Maryknoller needs \$2,000 to replace the warehouse with a mission chapel for his flock. What more sacred memorial for a departed loved one?

A Missioner with Six Legs — two of his own and four belonging to his horse — can get about faster. The price of a horse in Bolivia is \$100. The Sister catechist also needs one.

In Korea, \$100 will expand a private home into a temporary chapel, to accommodate new converts in far-distant villages.

Yes, We Have No Beeswax in Musoma, Africa, to make candles for the Holy Sacrifice. Therefore we must import the candles. A full year's supply costs \$50.

Up-Where-the-Winds-Blow village in Formosa has many converts; \$2,000 will build a chapel in the village.

Madison Square Garden might hold all the sports activities one Maryknoller in Bolivia conducts for his youth. His expansion plans depend on \$70 worth of equipment. Your dollar can start the basketball rolling.

"Say, Doc, is it Serious?" Poor Indians of Guate nala don't ask, because they have no doctors. But four Indian lads in our mission want to study medicine. Twenty-five cents will support one pre-med student for a day. Will you take over for a day, a week, a month?

Lightning Never Strikes twice — but it's the first time that worries a Maryknoller in Central America; \$50 will put lightning rods on his mission chapel.

Music Speaks directly to the heart. Tens of thousands of Korean converts are pouring into the Church. You can place an organ in a new Maryknoll chapel in Korea for two hundred and fifty dollars.

Blue Cross is unheard-of in the alleys of refugee-crowded Hong Kong. The sick, in their poverty, look to Maryknoll missioners for relief. We look to you, since we are your middlemen, passing on what you give to us to those in desperate need overseas. Can you spare a dollar or ten today for Hong Kong refugees?

The Mass means everything to you. During the Holy Sacrifice you meet your God. Two hundred people in Chile feel as you do but they have no missals 75c will supply each with a missal in Spanish. How many can you give?





WE GIVE THANKS

Never in history have a people been as generous as Americans; and Maryknoll benefactors are the leaders of America in this regard. Charity is age-old and world-wide; but there is something to lift the heart in what YOU have done for Maryknoll!

You and other Maryknoll contributors have built a tiny group of six students and two priests, of half a century ago, into a world-wide mission organization with scores of missions in more than a dozen countries. Maryknoll has 600 priests and Brothers overseas and more than 800 Americans in training to follow them, and converts by tens of thousands!

We are privileged to be the instruments, but Maryknoll is God's work and yours. You have given and given again; we have never asked without receiving our every need. Maryknoll has no money of its own: we use yours. Without it, we would not be working on the foreign missions; we could not do what has been done. To know of your support, your sacrifices, and your prayers, gives us strength.

As long as we have GOD and YOU with us, we shall go forward to ever-greater accomplishments for Him and His children beyond the seas.

May God always bless you.

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The Maryknoll Fathers

People are Interesting:

Apostle to the Lepers

Missioners of America

Venerable Peter Donders was a Redemptorist who spent 44 years instructing and baptizing the Indians, Negro slaves, and lepers of Dutch Guiana, South America.



 In 1842, a year after his ordination, Father Donders arrived in Surinam as a secular priest.



2. He worked among the Negro slaves for 13 years, transforming plantations into parishes.



3. In 1856, he was assigned to work among the spiritually forgotten lepers of the Dutch colony.



4. When he was 57 years old, he was professed a Redemptorist and was assigned back to his lepers.



5. For twenty more years he was with his beloved children. He died among them at the age of 77.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race

